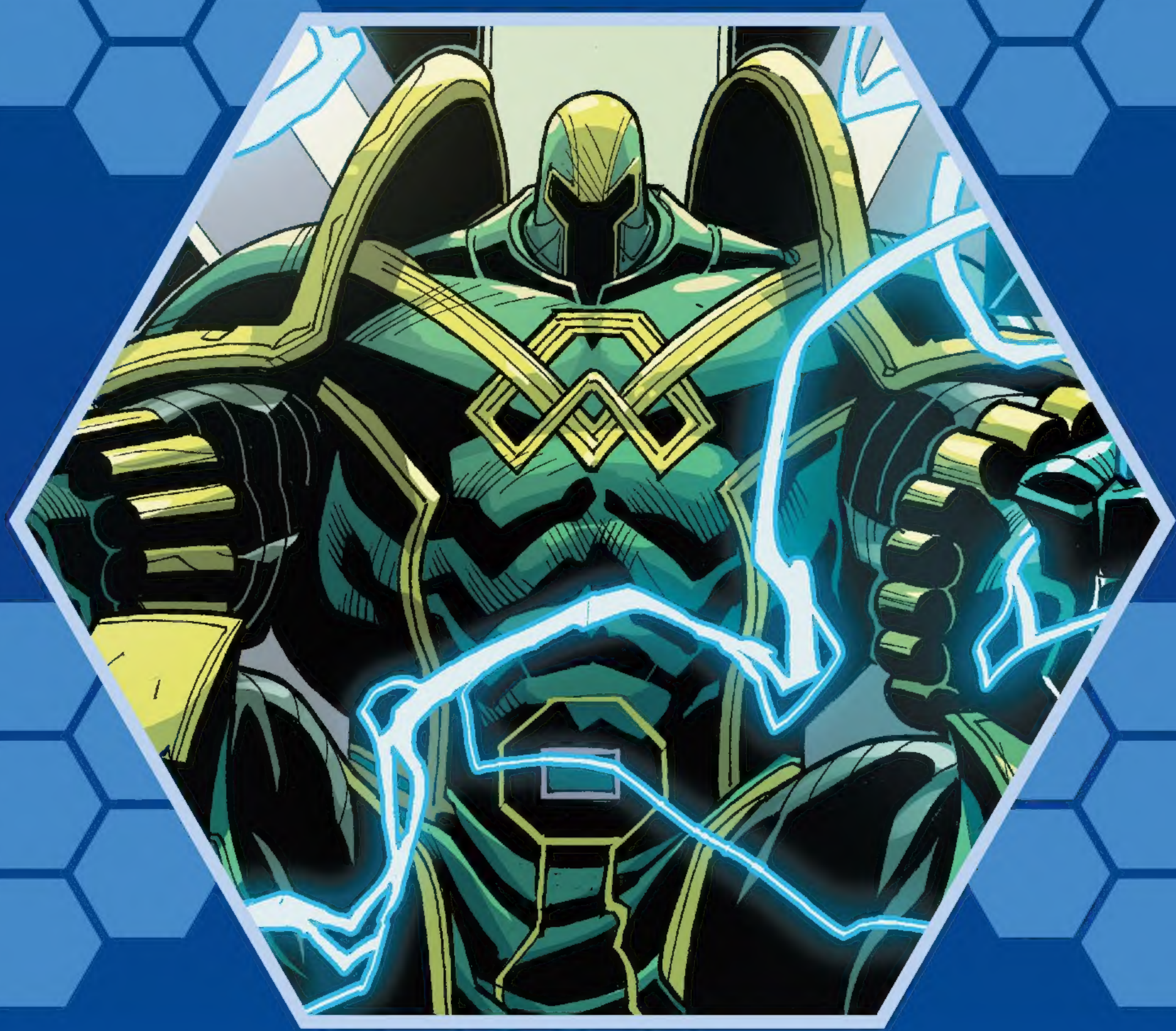
ROYALS
EWING
SILAS
CHARALAMPIDIS
005
MARVEL

EXPERIMENTED UPON LONG AGO BY ALIENS KNOWN AS THE KREE, *THE INHUMANS* ARE A RACE OF SUPER-BEINGS WHO CAN UNLOCK AMAZING ABILITIES VIA THE MYSTERIOUS ELEMENT *TERRIGEN*.

BUT AFTER LEARNING THAT TERRIGEN WAS POISONING EARTH'S MUTANT POPULATION, THE QUEEN OF THE INHUMANS, *MEDUSA*, DESTROYED ALL TRACES OF IT, MEANING THERE WILL BE NO MORE NEW INHUMANS. HEAVY WITH GUILT, MEDUSA ABDICATED THE THRONE—LEAVING THE INHUMANS WITHOUT THEIR ROYAL FAMILY.

BUT IF THE ROYALS CAN NO LONGER RULE INHUMANITY...THEY CAN STILL SAVE IT.

ROYALS



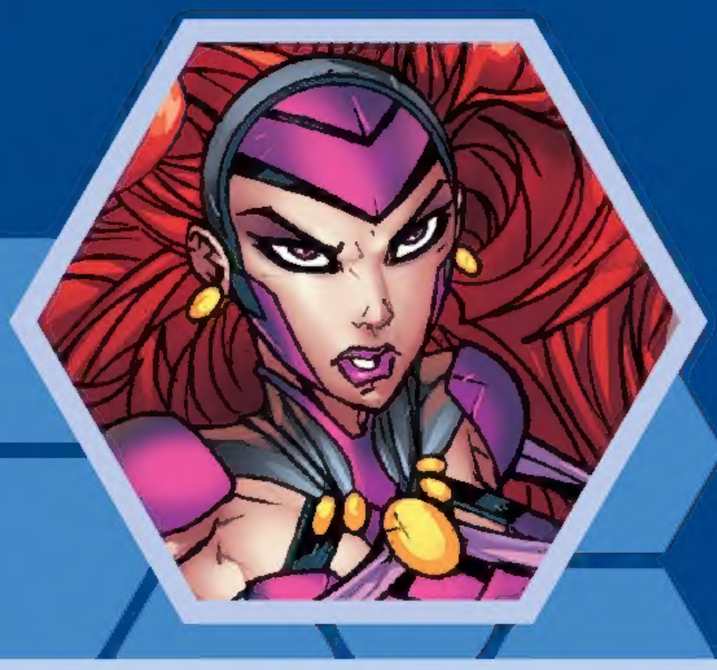
MARVEL BOY CLAIMS THERE IS A SECRET BURIED IN THE REMAINS OF HALA, THE KREE HOMEWORLD, THAT CAN RESTORE THE FUTURE OF THE INHUMAN RACE, SO THE ROYAL FAMILY AND A COUPLE OF NEW INHUMANS HAVE GONE WITH HIM ON A JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

BUT THEY WERE SOON HIT WITH TWO SURPRISES: MEDUSA IS DYING FROM A MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS, AND *"BLACK BOLT"* IS ACTUALLY *MAXIMUS THE MAD* IN DISGUISE.

AS THE ROYALS APPROACHED HALA, THEY WERE STRUCK OUT OF THE SKY BY RONAN, FORMER SUPREME ACCUSER OF THE KREE EMPIRE AND FORMER HUSBAND OF CRYSTAL. THEY SURVIVED THE CRASH, THANKS TO MARVEL BOY'S POCKET-BATTLEFIELD TECHNOLOGY, BUT THE ACCUSER WAS WAITING. HE IMMERSED THEM EACH IN A TRAP OF THEIR DARKEST FEARS AND DEEPEST ANXIETIES. THEY STAND ACCUSED.

MEANWHILE, FIVE THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW, *THE LAST INHUMAN*—AN ANCIENT MAXIMUS—GOES TO MEET AN ACCUSER OF HIS OWN...

© 2017 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM



MEDUSA

Wife of Black Bolt. Her hair is stronger than steel—and entirely under her control.

MAXIMUS

Brother of Black Bolt. Super-genius and mind-controller. Completely insane.

CRYSTAL

Sister of Medusa. She has total control over air, earth, fire, and water.

GORGON

Cousin of Black Bolt. One stomp of his hooves makes the earth tremble.

SWAIN

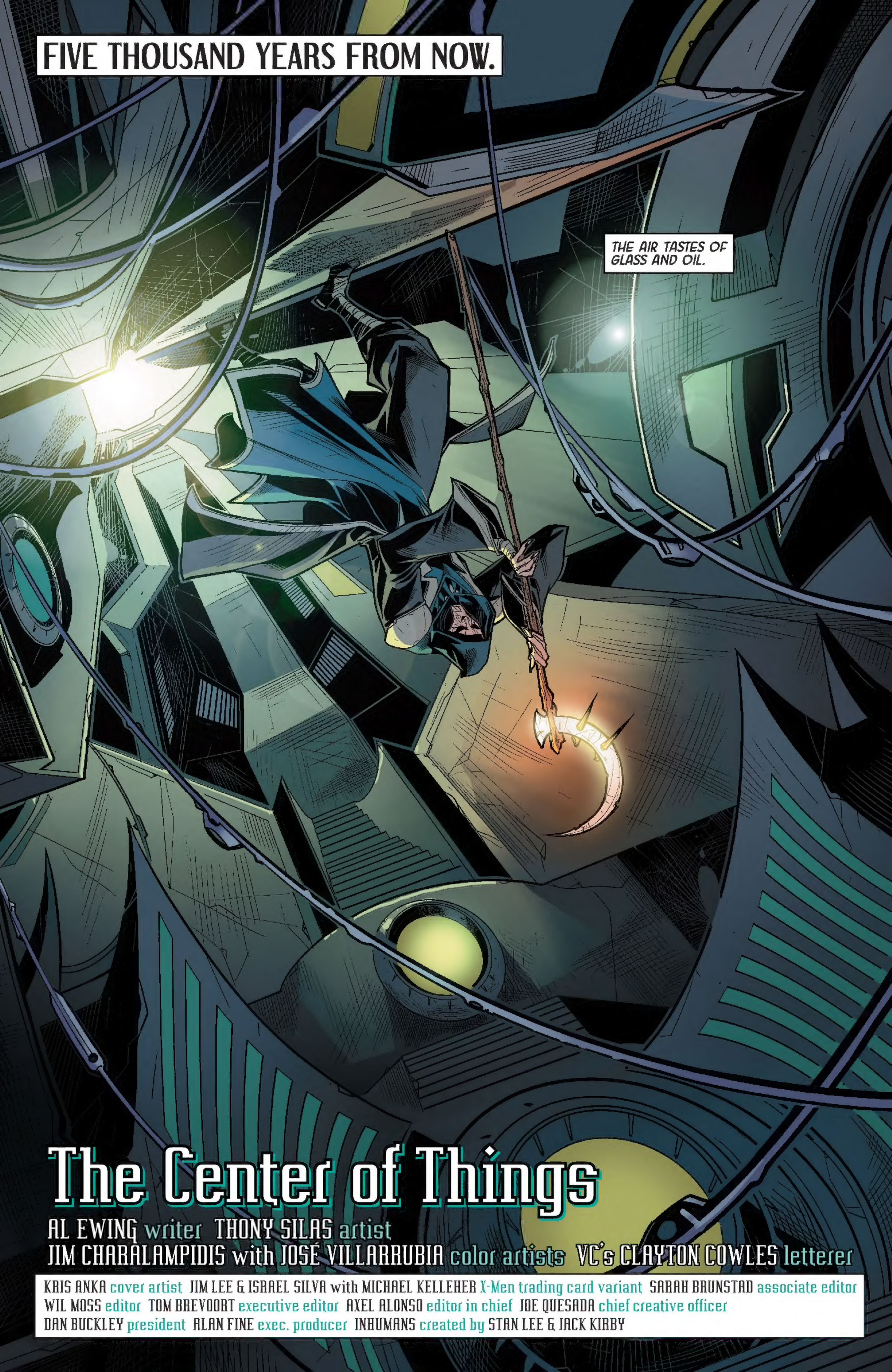
A new Inhuman. She can push emotions and opinions in her favor.

MARVEL BOY

Kree explorer from another dimension. Engineered with insect traits for combat superiority.

FLINT

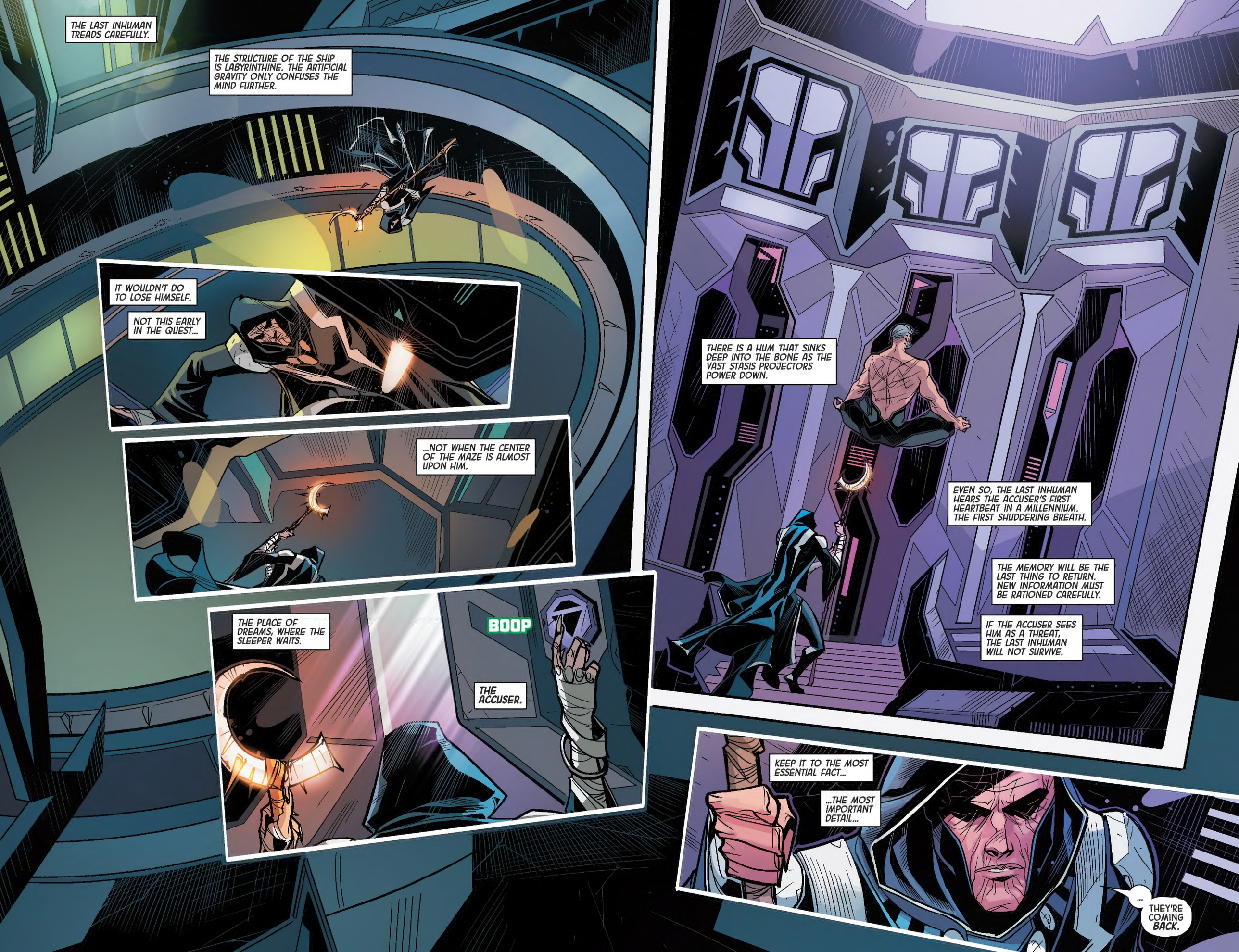
A new Inhuman. Rock and stone obey his thoughts—the bigger, the better.



The Center of Things

AL EWING writer THONY SILAS artist
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS with JOSÉ VILLARRUBIA color artists VC's CLAYTON COWLES letterer

KRIS ANKA cover artist JIM LEE & ISRAEL SILVA with MICHAEL KELLEHER X-Men trading card variant SARAH BRUNSTAD associate editor
WIL MOSS editor TOM BREVOORT executive editor AXEL ALONSO editor in chief JOE QUESADA chief creative officer
DAN BUCKLEY president ALAN FINE exec. producer INHUMANS created by STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY


THE LAST INHUMAN TREADS CAREFULLY.
THE STRUCTURE OF THE SHIP IS LABYRINTHINE. THE ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY ONLY CONFUSES THE MIND FURTHER.
IT WOULDN'T DO TO LOSE HIMSELF.
NOT THIS EARLY IN THE QUEST...
...NOT WHEN THE CENTER OF THE MAZE IS ALMOST UPON HIM.
THE PLACE OF DREAMS, WHERE THE SLEEPER WAITS.
BOOP
THE ACCUSER.
THERE IS A HUM THAT SINKS DEEP INTO THE BONE AS THE VAST STASIS PROJECTORS POWER DOWN.
EVEN SO, THE LAST INHUMAN HEARS THE ACCUSER'S FIRST HEARTBEAT IN A MILLENNIUM. THE FIRST SHUDDERING BREATH.
THE MEMORY WILL BE THE LAST THING TO RETURN. NEW INFORMATION MUST BE RATIONED CAREFULLY.
IF THE ACCUSER SEES HIM AS A THREAT, THE LAST INHUMAN WILL NOT SURVIVE.
KEEP IT TO THE MOST ESSENTIAL FACT...
...THE MOST IMPORTANT DETAIL...
... THEY'RE COMING BACK.

EXCUSE ME?

"YOU'RE RIGHT, HAWKEYE"? I UNDERSTAND IF WE'RE NOT ON REAL-NAME TERMS ANYMORE.

WHEN WE WERE IN THE YOUNG AVENGERS, I CHOSE A MEMORY OF MY EX-GIRLFRIEND OVER THE REAL YOU.

I WAS STUPID. I LET YOU DOWN. I HURT YOU. YOU WERE RIGHT TO LEAVE.

AND I HURT MYSELF, TOO. I BROKE MY OWN HEART, BECAUSE I DIDN'T TRUST IT-- OR YOU.

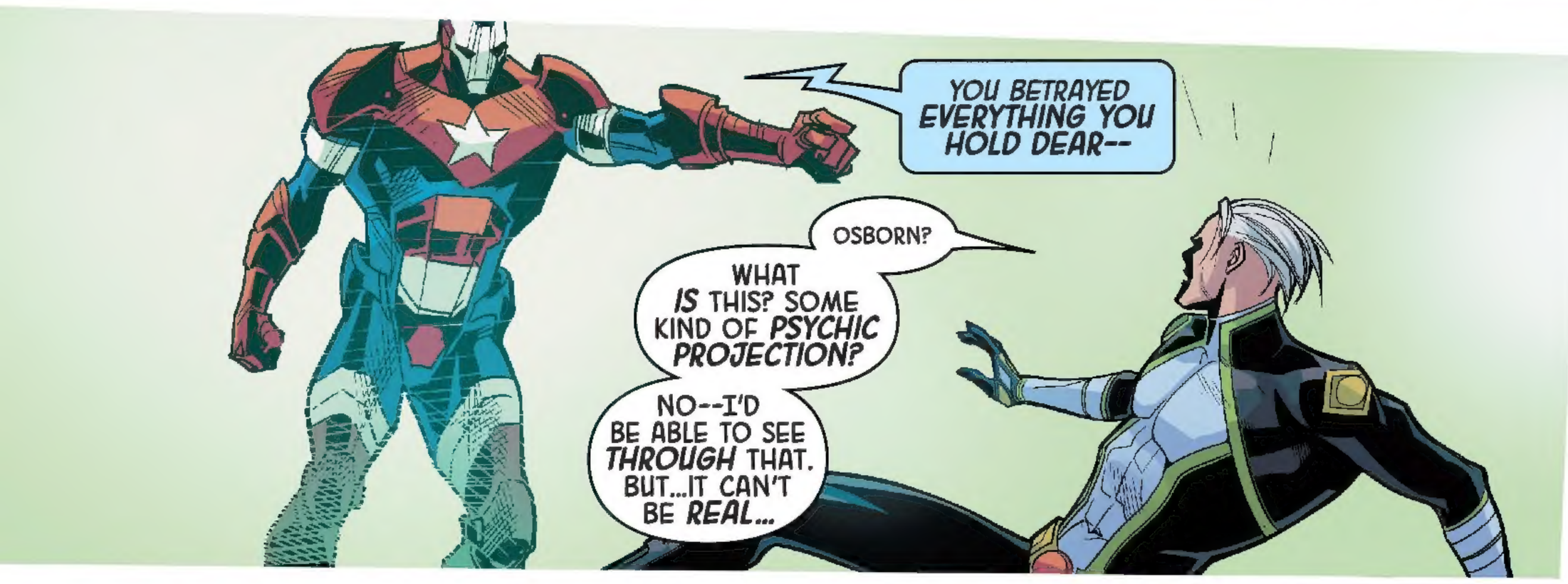
I COULD HAVE TALKED ABOUT WHAT I WANTED. INSTEAD, I HID IT AWAY. BOTTLED IT UP.

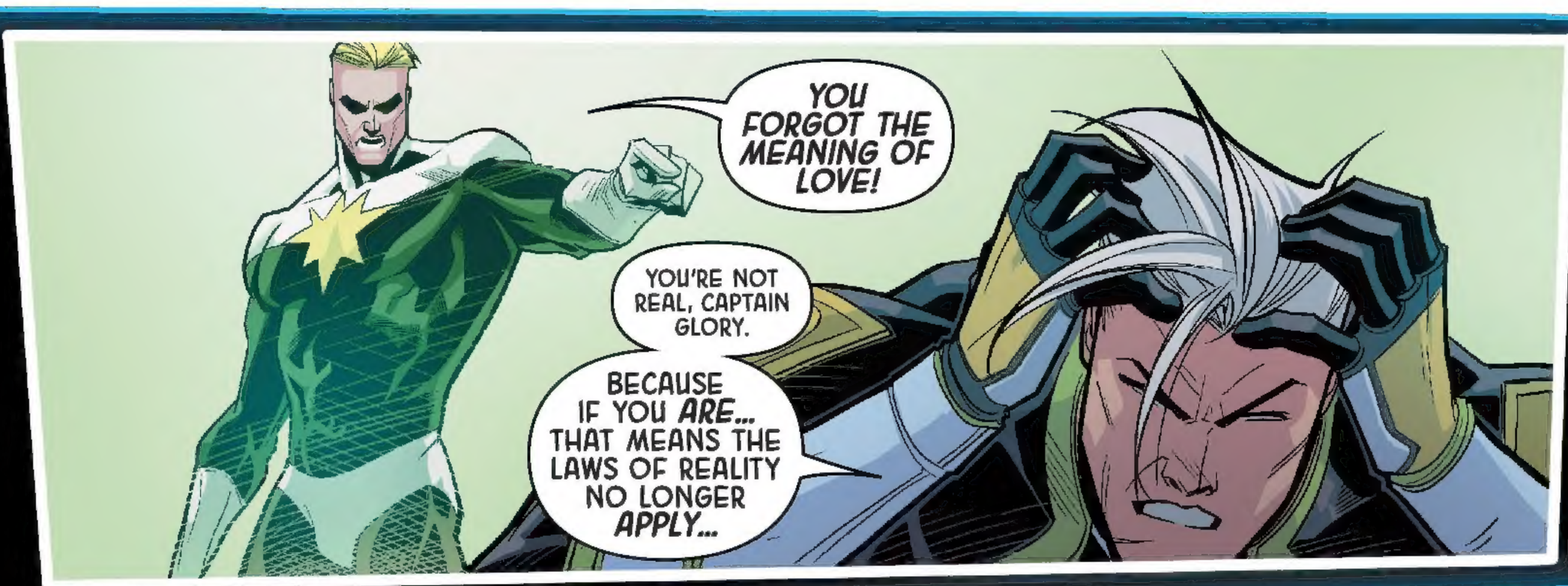
MY MISTAKES, MY FAULT. I ACCEPT THAT. I OWN IT.

BUT... IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON.

YOU CAN NEVER MOVE ON--
THAT'S NOT WHAT THE REAL KATE BISHOP WOULD SAY, IS IT?
RONAN BLASTED US ALL WITH...SOMETHING... AND I WOKE UP HERE. SO WHERE IS HERE?

AND WHO ARE--
GAH!
PROTECTOR!
YOU BETRAYED THE AVENGERS!


YOU BETRAYED EVERYTHING YOU HOLD DEAR--
OSBORN?
WHAT IS THIS? SOME KIND OF PSYCHIC PROJECTION?
NO--I'D BE ABLE TO SEE THROUGH THAT. BUT...IT CAN'T BE REAL...


YOU FORGOT THE MEANING OF LOVE!
YOU'RE NOT REAL, CAPTAIN GLORY.
BECAUSE IF YOU ARE... THAT MEANS THE LAWS OF REALITY NO LONGER APPLY...

...
OF COURSE.
I'M IN A POCKET BATTLEFIELD.

A ONE-MAN MICRO-REALITY BUILT BY RONAN TO KEEP ME PRISONER--AND ACCUSE ME.
HE'S UPGRADED.
EXCEPT I'VE GOT POCKET-BATTLEFIELD TECH AS WELL. MY OWN PORTABLE ZONE OF REWRITTEN PHYSICS.
AND IF I MAKE MY PHYSICS INCOMPATIBLE WITH HIS--
--I CAN PUT PRESSURE ON HIS LITTLE GUILT-UNIVERSE.
UNTIL-- IT--
AARRHH!
THE RUINS OF HALA.
...UNTIL IT BURSTS.
OUCH.
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY TOOK THE SCENIC ROUTE.

SOMEONE... GOT OUT...?
RONAN?
...IT CAN WAIT.
CRYSTAL AMAQUELIN.
I ASKED YOU A QUESTION.
HOW DO I PLEAD?
I DON'T PLEAD, RONAN. I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH YOU'VE PUFFED YOURSELF UP.
IT'S JUST NOT HOW I WAS RAISED.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE, ANYWAY? I THOUGHT HALA HAD BEEN DESTROYED.
AND WHAT AM I BEING ACCUSED OF?
YOU'RE REALLY PRETENDING YOU DON'T KNOW...
I'M GLAD YOU REMEMBER HALA, CRYSTAL.
DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOUR FAMILY DID TO IT?

"YOU CAME TO THE KREE EMPIRE IN ALL YOUR ROYAL *SPLENDOR.* IN YOUR *POWER* AND YOUR *WRATH.*

"YOU CAME... YOU *SPOKE...*

"...YOU *CONQUERED.*

"I *UNDERSTOOD* CONQUEST. I *RESPECTED* IT--FOR I KNEW THE OBLIGATION TO THOSE *CONQUERED.*

"IT MADE YOU *OUR* ROYALS, TOO...

"...UNTIL YOU ALL GOT *BORED,* OF COURSE.

"AND WENT *HOME."*

THAT'S A *LIE* AND YOU *KNOW* IT.

YOU AND I WERE IN *LOVE,* RONAN. THAT WASN'T SOME--SOME *TREATY* BETWEEN VICTOR AND VANQUISHED. THAT WAS *US.*

"AND WHEN MY FAMILY LEFT--I *STAYED.* I GAVE THEM *UP,* RONAN.

"FOR *YOU."*

YES. THE GRAVEST CRIME OF ALL.

FALSE HOPE.

YOU SAY YOU WERE *WITH* ME? YOU STOOD *BESIDE* ME? THAT OUR *LOVE* RULED OVER *POLITICS?*

TELL ME, THEN, WHEN THE SUPREMOR MADE HIS *FINAL* TREATY--TO *END* THE WAR BETWEEN THE KREE AND INHUMANS--

--ON THE CONDITION THAT OUR LOVE HAD TO *DIE*--

--DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU *SAID?*

THE BURDEN IS HEAVY, MY LOVE...

...BUT YOU MUST *GO HOME.*

YOU ARE NO LONGER WELCOME HERE.

I COULD HAVE *DEFIED* HIM.

I COULD HAVE *FOUGHT*... ALONGSIDE *YOU.*

BUT I WAS *BROKEN* INSIDE.

AND *BECAUSE* I WAS BROKEN...A WORLD *DIED.*

AND NOW YOU STAND *ACCUSED.*

YOU TOOK US FOR GRANTED, FLINT.
YOU STAND ACCUSED.
YOU RAN AWAY FROM ME, SWAIN.
YOU STAND ACCUSED.
YOU WENT AWAY AND FORGOT ME, GORGON.
YOU STAND ACCUSED.
YOU LEFT ME ROTTING IN HELL, MEDUSA.
YOU TURNED YOUR BACK.
YOU STAND ACCUSED.

YES, I TURNED MY BACK. BECAUSE THAT WAS MY DUTY.
SO TELL ME...MY KING...
...WHAT CRIME DID I COMMIT?
YOU... YOU BROKE MY HEART--
A HEART IS A LUXURY FOR KINGS AND QUEENS.
WE CHOOSE DUTY OVER LOVE--BECAUSE IN TIME, EVEN LOVE BECOMES DUTY.
THE REAL BLACK BOLT KNEW THAT.
AND I'M GETTING A LITTLE SICK--
--OF THE FAKES.
KRAK
AAHHH!
NOW LET ME GO.

WHAT--
ISN'T THIS A PLEASANT SURPRISE?
NOH-VARR? MAXIMUS?
AFTER RONAN BLASTED US ALL, I WENT...SOMEWHERE ELSE. I'M NOT SURE HOW TO DESCRIBE IT...
A MICRO-REALITY RONAN PASTED OVER OUR OWN WITH HIS NEW COSMIC ABILITIES.
AN ACCUSATORY WORLD, POWERED BY OUR OWN GUILT...
SO NATURALLY MINE WINKED OUT AFTER ABOUT FIVE SECONDS. NOH BEAT HIS WITH SUPER-SCIENCE...
AND YOU, COMMANDER? HOW DID YOU GET OUT?
...
THERE ARE LUXURIES I CANNOT ALLOW MYSELF, MAXIMUS.
AND DUTIES I CANNOT FORSAKE.
NOH-VARR-- DO YOU HAVE A WAY TO REACH THE OTHERS?
AND MORE.
FOLLOW ME...

THEY... THEY KEEP GETTING *OUT...*

MY WORLDS ARE *FAILING...*

RONAN?

GIVE ME A *MOMENT.* I-- I CAN STILL--

NO. YOU WANTED TO *DO* THIS?

WE'RE *DOING* IT.

I GET IT. YOUR PLANET IS *DEAD,* AND YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO *BLAME.*

BUT NONE OF THIS JUST *HAPPENED* TO YOU, RONAN. YOU WEREN'T A *SPECTATOR.*

YES, I LEFT YOU. BECAUSE IT KEPT THE *PEACE*-- BECAUSE THE SUPREME INTELLIGENCE *DEMANDED* IT--

NO...I... *I* ACCUSE...

--BECAUSE *YOU BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LIFE.*

YOU.

REMEMBER THE *SUPREMOR SEED,* RONAN?

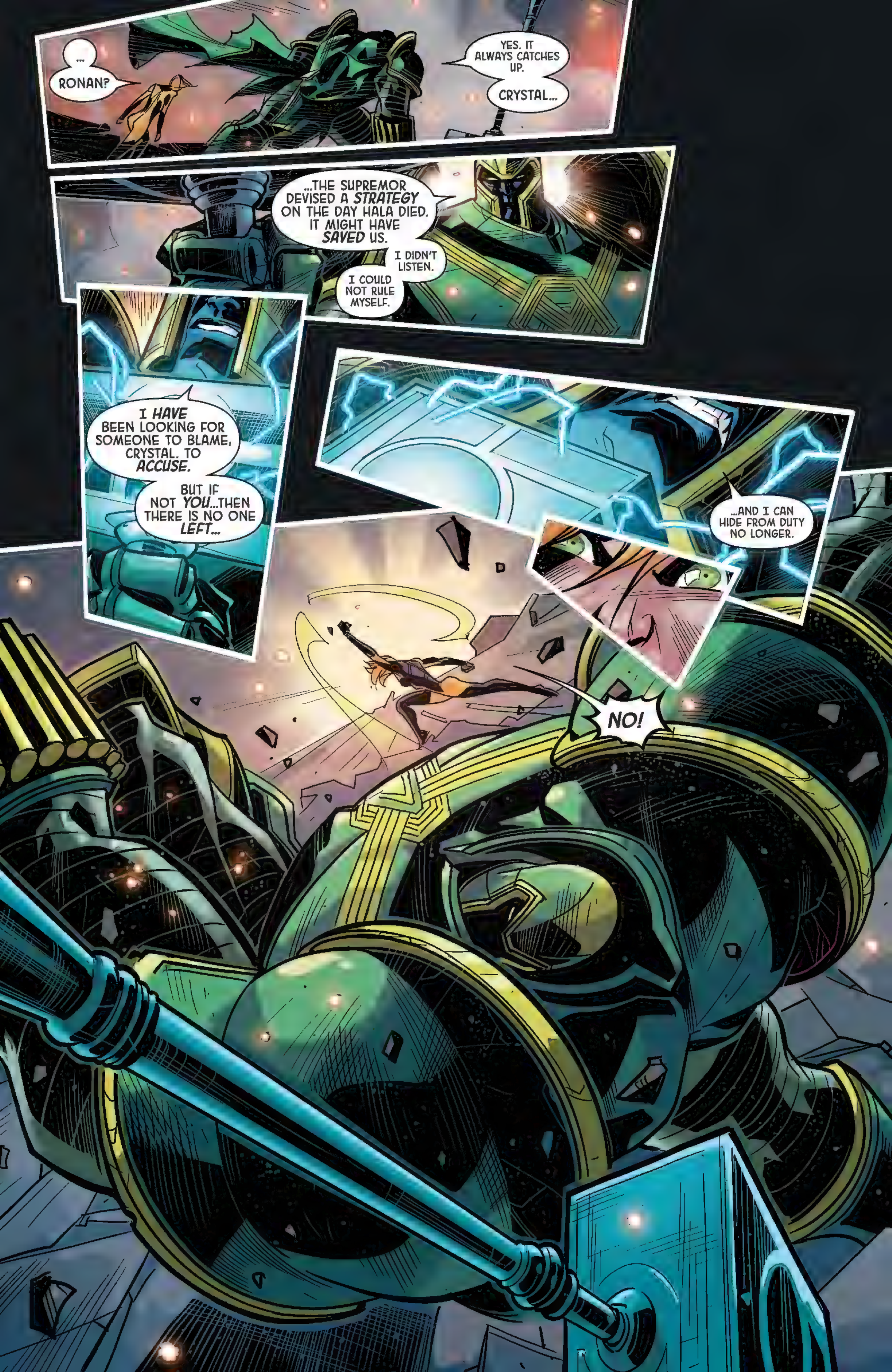
"THE SEED *YOU PLANTED?*"

EVERY SUPREME INTELLIGENCE SINCE THE *FIRST* GROWS FROM A *SEED.* IF IT *DIES,* IT LEAVES A SEED *BEHIND.*

WITH THE PROPER *RAW MATERIAL*--IT CAN *REGROW.*

AND THAT MATERIAL--THAT *INFORMATION*-- BECOMES PART OF THE *NEW* DATABASE.

STORAGE TESSERACT--OPEN.
MEET THE PLEX SEED. THE LAST REMNANT OF AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE.
WHEN I PLANT IT IN THE SUPREMOR'S REMAINS, IT'LL MINE THEM FOR DATA WHILE IT RESURRECTS ITSELF.
YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT--THE SECRET I PROMISED YOU--
--AND I GET WHAT I WANT.
KREE-VANN DIRECTIVE BIG RED MAKES ME RESPONSIBLE FOR SAVING THIS REALITY FROM ITSELF, COMMANDER.
THAT MEANS GROWING NEW THINKING FROM THE CORPSE OF THE OLD. FROM WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PREVIOUS SUPREME INTELLIGENCE...
A NEW KREE EMPIRE?
HOW DOES THAT HELP THE CREW? OR THE INHUMANS?
I'M NOT SURE I APPROVE OF THIS, NOH-VARR...
SO GO HOME.
BUT FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH--THIS IS NOT THE SUPREME INTELLIGENCE YOU FOUGHT.
THE PLEX IS NOT YOUR ENEMY.
THE PLEX IS YOUR FRIEND.
HE'S EVERYONE'S FRIEND.
HE'S MISTER ROGERS MADE OF SNOT.
SO WELCOME TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD, APE-MEN.
//PLEX//
//ONLINE//
//AWARE//
//RAW MATERIAL IDENTIFIED//DIMENSION-?1? SELF//UTILIZE//
//REPAIR//REBOOT// REINSTALL//
"YOU PLANTED THE SEED, RONAN--"
"//REMEMBER//"
--YOU MADE A NEW SUPREMOR TO RULE THE EMPIRE WHEN THE INHUMANS COULDN'T. AND IT TORE US APART.
BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T RULE YOURSELF.
I...I JUST...
I WANTED TO BE FREE.
AND WE WERE FREE. WE WERE IN LOVE.
UNTIL YOU--YOU THREW LOVE AWAY--
NO. I JUST COULDN'T AFFORD TO KEEP IT.
I CAN'T BE THE CRYSTAL WHO ONCE WAS, RONAN. I AM WHO I'VE BECOME.
AND PEOPLE LIKE US--LIKE YOU AND ME--CAN ONLY HIDE FROM DUTY SO LONG.
IT ALWAYS CATCHES UP.


...
RONAN?
YES. IT ALWAYS CATCHES UP.
CRYSTAL...
...THE SUPREMOR DEVISED A *STRATEGY* ON THE DAY HALA DIED. IT MIGHT HAVE *SAVED* US.
I DIDN'T LISTEN.
I COULD NOT RULE MYSELF.
I *HAVE* BEEN LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO BLAME, CRYSTAL. TO *ACCUSE.*
BUT IF NOT *YOU*...THEN THERE IS NO ONE *LEFT...*
...AND I CAN HIDE FROM DUTY NO LONGER.
NO!

YOU'RE NOT HIDING AGAIN! NOT THAT WAY!
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME WITH THAT--
WHAT-- NNNGH!
--WHAT DO I HAVE LEFT?
HALA IS DEAD! OUR LOVE IS DEAD--
--AND I AM ALONE!
ALONE AND GOING MAD AMONG THE SKELETONS OF CHILDREN!
AND IF THERE IS NO ONE TO ACCUSE BUT MYSELF...I AM STILL THE ACCUSER.
THAT IS MY DUTY. THAT IS EVERYTHING--
YOU HAVE ONLY ONE DUTY, RONAN-WHO-WAS-ACCUSER.
THE LOVE OF HALA IS INFINITE.
YOU MUST ACCEPT IT ALL.
THAT... VOICE...
WHO...?
I AM THE PLEX INTELLIGENCE, RONAN.
ACCUSERS ARE NO LONGER NECESSARY.
NOW RISE...

"...AND FORGIVE YOURSELF."
FORGIVENESS...?
THAT MAN SHOWED ME MY DEAD WIFE, COMMANDER. HE...ACCUSED ME OF...
...I DON'T WANT TO SAY.
I SAW MY PARENTS.
WE SHOULD DO SOMETHING. THAT GUY NEEDS TO BE...I DON'T KNOW, PUNISHED, OR...
→KAFF←
HOW EXACTLY, FLINT?
WHAT'S WORSE THAN WHAT HE'S LIVED THROUGH?
DON'T LOOK AT ME.
NOW →KAFF← QUIET, ALL OF YOU.
THIS IS WHAT WE CAME TO HEAR...
PLEX LINK-UP ACHIEVED.
THE PLEX SPEAKS IN MY MIND. THE SUPREMOR'S DATA IS IN MY MEMORY.
THE SECRET IS REAL...AND THIS IS HOW IT WAS.
IN THE BEGINNING...

FIVE THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW.

...THERE WAS THE KREE.

AND THEY SEARCHED THE STARS FOR SPECIES TO RESTART THEIR DORMANT EVOLUTION.

HUMANS. KYMELLIANS. BADOON. A THOUSAND OTHERS.

AND THE BEINGS THEY ALTERED--THE INHUMANS, THE WHITE ROOM, THE MOORD--WERE LEFT WITH A CATALYST OR CHANGE.

TERRIGEN. ANTIGEN. AMPHOGEN. ALL IMPERFECT ATTEMPTS TO RE-CREATE THE PURE CATALYST. THE FIRST CATALYST.

PRIMAGEN.

THE PRIMA MATERIA...THAT CREATED THE KREE.

WHO MADE THE KREE? WHO ARE YOUR FIRST PARENTS?

THE KNOWLEDGE IS LOST. BUT LOOK FOR THE SKYSPEARS, AND--

OKAY, END RECORDING. I REMEMBER IT ALL NOW.

"ACCUSERS ARE NO LONGER NECESSARY." WE WERE TOO DAMNED YOUNG.

AND YOU'RE SURE IT'S THEM? EVERYTHING WE DID, EVERYTHING WE LOST...IT WASN'T ENOUGH?

THIS WARNING SYSTEM OF YOURS IS PRETTY OLD...

IT WASN'T WRONG THEN.

IT'S NOT WRONG NOW.

THEY'RE COMING BACK, OLD FRIEND.

THE BEINGS WHO ENGINEERED THE KREE. THE GODS OF OUR GODS.

THE PROGENITORS ARE COMING BACK.
TO BE CONTINUED...

ROYAL MAIL

Send letters to MHEROES@MARVEL.COM marked "OKAY TO PRINT."

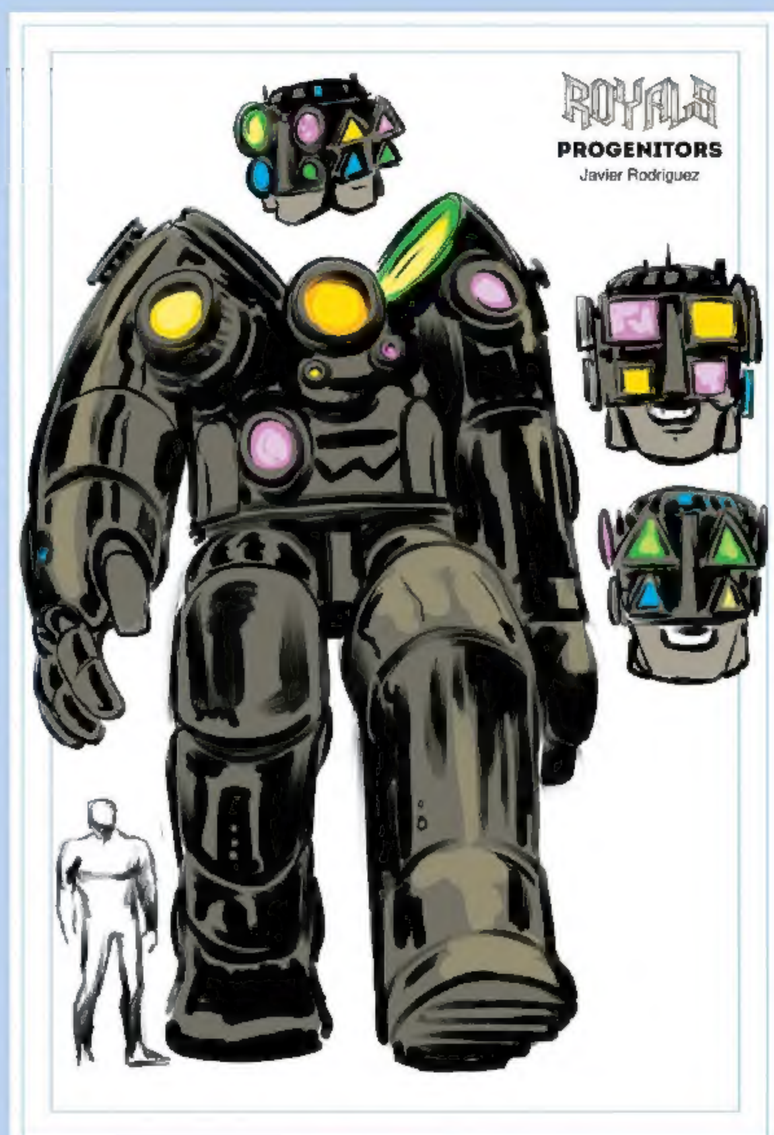
Al Ewing here, Inhum-fans, with a special ROYAL MAIL for you this month—because it's the last! We've already had one suggestion in for a *brand new* letter-column title, and thus by the immutable law of the letter column, that means the name will change next month no matter what! But as there's only one suggestion so far, it could still be beaten—by YOURS! Send in your ideas—as well as any other musings you might have—to mheroes@marvel.com, marked OKAY TO PRINT, and we'll print the best!

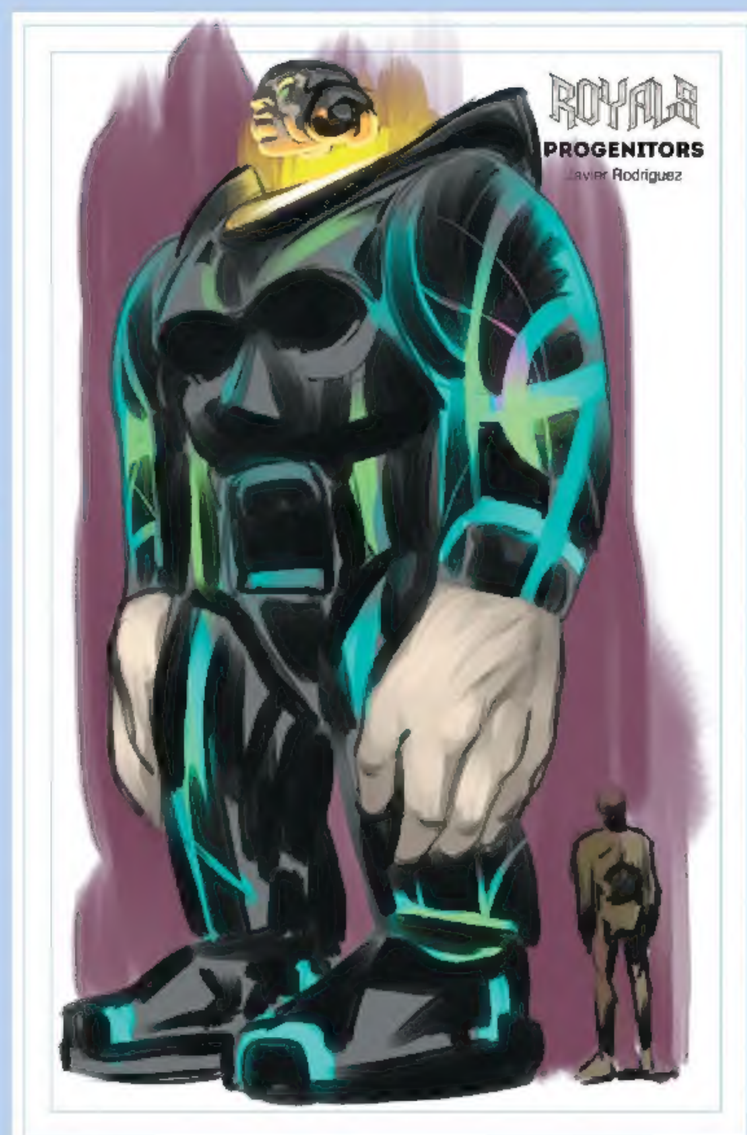
But right now, we figured we'd whet your appetites for the coming months of ROYALS action with the designs for a couple of the amazing new characters we saw this issue! First up, here's Kevin Libranda's take on the Accuser, the mysterious 71st-century version of one of our very own cast members (no prizes for guessing who). We'll be seeing more of him during the "future segments," as he and the Last Inhuman embark on the next stage of their quest. And of course, we'll be seeing Kevin next issue—he'll be drawing the next arc!

And here we also have the Progenitors, the race of alien beings that created the Kree—and more about that will be forthcoming—as designed by Javier Rodriguez, who joins us as the new ongoing artist with issue #9! I couldn't be happier to welcome him on board—he's the perfect person to illustrate some of the cosmic weirdness we're going to be hitting the Royals with as they fly further away from the Marvel Universe as we know it. Just wait until you see their home planet…

That's all for now! Next issue, welcome back the Universal Inhumans, the Light Brigade…and a deadly enemy who means to destroy them all! See you then!

-Al

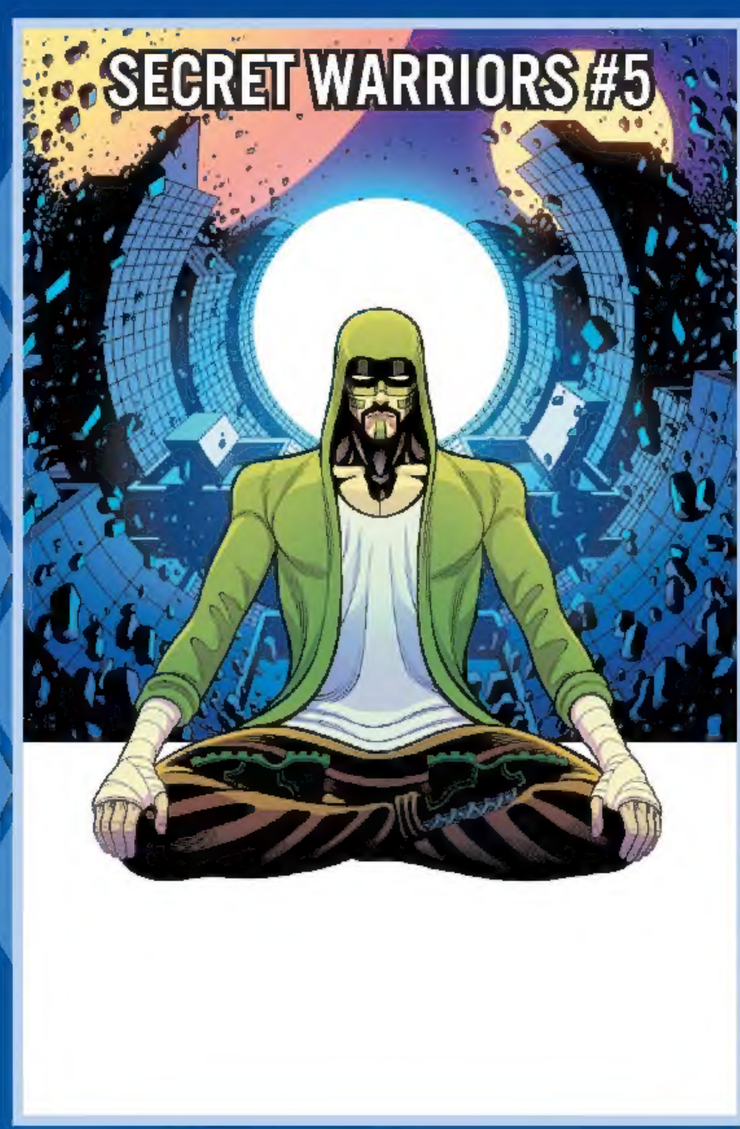




ROYALS

NEXT: ROYALS #6

AND FOR MORE INHUMANS, CHECK OUT:



ZONE